

## The Independent.

J. MILTON UNANGST, Proprietor.  
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THE INDEPENDENT solicits contributions  
from the general public on any subject—po-  
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so long as they do not contain any personal  
attacks.

All communications must be accompanied  
by the writer's name, not necessarily for  
publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Advertisements for insertion in the cur-  
rent week must be in hand not later than  
Friday noon.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1891.

RESIDENTS of Bloomfield leaving town  
during the summer can have THE INDE-  
PENDENT sent to any address without  
extra charge by leaving word at this  
office.

## CORNER-LOAFING.

"Come, move along here, Billy; move  
along."  
"Oh! yes, Mr. Cop, it's easy enough to  
say, 'move along'; get out of decent  
folks' way; but where's a fellow-a-going  
to go, what hasn't any place to move  
to?"

This conversation did not take place  
in Bloomfield; for in this town the  
loafers are not requested to move on;  
and if they were it would not effectually  
remedy the evil. For an evil, and a  
very serious one, has it become, particu-  
larly in the Centre. While in the more  
thickly settled part of the town there  
are at least half a dozen corners  
frequented by their respective "crowds"  
or "gangs," the Centre outranks all  
the rest put together.

Soon after sunset young men and boys  
are seen drifting corner-ward; they hail  
each other with a boisterous oath or an  
obscene salutation; and enforce their  
feelings of good fellowship by a blow, a  
push, or a punch, all the more enjoyable  
if a passer-by is nearly thrown down by  
the movement. These crowds have be-  
come so offensive that no woman, or  
girl, if alone, or sometimes even if in  
company with one of the other sex, can  
hardly fail to hear most indecent ex-  
pressions as she passes along.

It would be wrong to suppose that  
every one who hangs around the corners  
has reached the highest degree of shame-  
lessness; but the street night-school  
has all degrees of teachers and scholars,  
and the

rapid. The boy who  
company is at first shock-  
ed by its immor-  
ality; but his ears soon  
become accustomed to the sounds and  
his tongue finds them easy to utter.  
Happy is the boy who turns away from  
the first contact. The Psalmist ex-  
presses the steps of the one who does  
not turn away; "Blessed is the man  
who walketh not in the counsel of the  
ungodly, nor standeth in the way of  
sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the  
scornful." He finds himself walking in  
evil company; instead of turning from  
it he stops, he stands with the sinners;  
and then he finds a seat and is at home  
with them.

There are some places where the town  
trouble does not exist. Is it impossible  
for Bloomfield to get rid of it? Before  
seeking a remedy it will not be amiss to  
find the cause. And this is primarily  
the social nature of man, which is  
especially strong in his early days.  
This trait is a good one, and if rightly  
directed would be the means for elevat-  
ing and strengthening the moral charac-  
ter. Parents should make home at-  
tractive, so that the boys would not  
wish to rush into the street immediately  
after supper. If their playmates are in-  
vited to come into the family circle, if  
games and other amusements are pro-  
vided; if especial pains are taken that the  
children, whether at home or at a neigh-  
bors, shall find more enjoyment there  
than in wandering in the street, the  
problem is solved.

But this is not to be expected in all  
cases. There are many homes that are  
not, and will not, be attractive. For the  
children of such families a pleasant  
place should be provided. Reading  
rooms, places where quiet games can  
be played, bowling alleys, gymnastic  
apparatus and the like, should be ac-  
cessible to all who desire them. Or, rather,  
they should be offered to those who  
would not seek them without an invita-  
tion.

It seems that the people of Bloomfield  
have little faith in prevention. For  
several years efforts have been made to  
effect an organization under the name of  
Y. M. C. A. But the public does not  
support it. The Catholic Church has a  
society which is doing a very effective  
work in this line, an account of which  
we gave in an early issue of THE IN-  
DEPENDENT. One reason why the Protes-  
tant pastors have not been able to labor  
for this cause is undoubtedly the great  
amount of pastoral work which the in-  
creasing membership of their churches  
lays upon them.

But what is to be done with the corner  
loafers? The worst ones are probably

incorrigible, and the law should take  
care of them; but the far larger part  
can be saved. Will the effort to save  
them ever be made?

## A CORRECTION.

Recently a gentleman gave us the  
MSS. of a poem, which he said had been  
found, and had never been published. It  
was printed in THE INDEPENDENT last  
week, and one of our readers, Patrick  
McCabe, called our attention to the fact  
that the poem had been plagiarized from  
"The Conquered Banner," written by the  
Rev. Father Abraham J. Ryan, the poet-  
priest of the South, at the close of the  
war. We print both poems for com-  
parison:

THE VICTORIOUS BANNER.  
Unfurl that banner—'tho' 'tis weary,  
And round it's staff is drooping dreary.  
Still unfurl it—let it wave.  
There were men enough to save it.  
There's men yet enough to wave it.  
Blood of heroes flowed to weave it.  
Blood of traitors to destroy it.  
Unfurl it—let it wave.

Unfurl that banner—'tho' 'tis tattered,  
And its staff is broken and shattered,  
Unfurl it for the thousands scattered,  
Over whom it floated high.  
Oh, 'tis joy for us to wave it.  
Joy to think there's some to hold it,  
Though the ones who first unrolled it,  
Now in their cold graves lie.

Unfurl that banner, wave it proudly,  
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,  
And ten thousand, wildly, madly,  
Swore it should forever wave.  
Swore that rebel sword should never,  
Hearts like those entwined discover,  
Till that flag should float forever,  
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Unfurl that banner, true 'tis glory,  
For 'tis wreathed around with glory.  
'Twill ever live in song and story,  
As a memento of the brave.  
For its fame in brighter pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
As a requiem to the grave.

Unfurl that banner, softly, slowly,  
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy,  
And has drooped around the dead.  
Let it wave unfurled forever.  
Its stars are brighter now than ever.  
For the soldier's honor's saved.  
By the commission of the banner,  
The crimson, white and starry banner,  
By the baptism of the banner,  
Children of one church are we.  
Creed nor faction can divide us,  
Race nor language can divide us,  
Still whatever fate befalls us,  
Children of the flag are we.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.  
Furl that banner, for 'tis weary,  
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary.  
Furl it, fold it, it is best;  
For there's not a man to wave it,  
And there's not one left to save it  
In the blood which heroes gave it.  
And its foes now scorn and brave it—  
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down, 'tis battered,  
Broken is its staff, and shattered,  
And the valiant host lies scattered,  
O'er whom it floated high.  
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,  
Hard to think there's none to hold it,  
Hard that those who once unrolled it,  
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly;  
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,  
And ten thousand, wildly, madly,  
Swore it should forever wave;  
Swore the foeman's sword could never,  
Hearts like theirs entwined discover,  
Till that flag should float forever,  
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,  
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,  
Cold and dead are lying low,  
And that banner, it is trailing,  
While 'round it sounds the wailing  
Of its people in their woe.  
For, though conquered, they adore it,  
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,  
Weep for those who fell before it,  
Pardon those who trailed and bore it,  
And, oh, widely they deplore it.  
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner, true, 'tis glory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live our song and story,  
Though its folds are in the dust.  
For its fame in brighter pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall ring through ages through ages,  
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner, furl it slowly;  
Treat it gently, it is holy;  
For it droops above the dead.  
Touch it not, unfurl it never,  
Let it hang there furled forever,  
For its people's hopes are dead.

Supervisor Seymour's Relief.  
A Trenton paper says: "James M.  
Seymour, Supervisor of the State Prison,  
has an interesting collection of relics  
of Columbus, which he intends to send  
to the World's Fair in Chicago. The  
relics are at Seymour's residence in New  
ark. Among other things he has an old  
trunk belonging to Perez, a sailor on the  
vessel in which Columbus crossed the  
ocean on his voyage of discovery. It  
was handed down through the Perez  
family and finally given to the Seymours.  
There are Spanish swords and daggers;  
but the relic most valued by Seymour is a  
peculiar little case in which are tiny  
particles of the bones of half a hundred  
saints, with a picture of each opposite  
the bone which came from his body;  
together with his name. Some of the  
saints died over a thousand years ago.  
Archbishop Hughes offered Seymour any  
price for this relic and many Roman  
Catholic priests and laymen have since  
tried in vain to purchase it."

A little urchin who escaped from the  
Newark Orphan Asylum was picked up  
by a policeman on Sunday and taken to  
the Second Precinct police station. He  
said he had run away from the asylum  
because they had "put him in the bag."  
Later the matron of the asylum called  
and took the boy away. Inquiry at the  
asylum elicited the fact that the bag was  
the only mode of punishment. When a  
boy or girl is unruly, instead of being  
switched, he or she is enclosed in a linen  
bag fastened about the neck and seated  
on the nursery floor. The confinement  
is about one hour.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SUBJECTS THAT INTEREST MANY OF  
PEOPLE OF BLOOMFIELD.

How Property is Assessed—A Talk  
An Assessor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:  
SIR: Admitting that our "tax"  
have some defects, the main prin-  
ciple embodied therein of taxing "actual  
value" is quite correct. It will be  
upon investigation that this "Asses-  
sors" is largely to be blamed, and the Com-  
missioners of Appeals and the Town Com-  
mittee are either authors or abet-  
ters of many of the incongruities.

Nothing proved this to me so ab-  
lutely as the following conversation with  
an Assessor of a neighboring town:  
"Are you a candidate for renomina-  
tion?"

Assessor—"If the people want me,  
was elected last year because of my va-  
lue knowledge of real estate. In other  
words, they thought for a few hundred  
dollars to get my experience and know-  
ledge worth thousands of dollars. It  
is no small matter to assess two thousand  
houses, thousands of lots, and many  
farm properties."

"Yes, but won't the proposed tax law  
which is likely to be enacted in accor-  
dance with the report of the Special Tax  
Commission, give you Assessors some  
inconvenience by compelling you to  
assess upon actual valuation?"

Assessor—"Oh, that whole thing is a  
job to give a few politicians an office."  
"I don't know how that is; but this I  
do know, something should be done to  
compel you Assessors to do your duty by  
taking full valuation on property."

Assessor—"You talk like a fool, and  
as though I did not know my business;  
what right have you to propose, or I as  
an Assessor to assess, for instance,  
upon full valuation of unimproved prop-  
erty—that is, property not built on  
or used so as to bring an income or  
profit?"

"Thank you. But do you know what  
the law says regarding the valuation to  
be assessed?"

Assessor—"I don't know, and I don't  
care what the law says. No unimproved  
property should be taxed at all, and  
if I had my way about it, that is the  
way it would be."

"Your idea then is that no unimproved  
property should be taxed wholly be-  
cause of its being largely unremunerative.  
As to certain improved property that  
is likewise unremunerative, would  
you let that go untaxed, too?"

Assessor—"Now you are talking, I  
suppose, about houses that lay idle,  
either because the landlord asks too  
much rent for them, or because they  
won't rent easy." I am not talking  
about that class of property, but about

property that is placed upon property  
high to look good; so they would run  
down a page adding \$50 to each valua-  
tion (without any knowledge of the  
property), then skip a page, and so on,  
and so on. What do you think of  
that?"

"I think it is quite time for the law to  
be enforced, and if you Assessors do not  
assess an actual valuation for fear of  
losing your office, it is high time that  
the State place you in the same position  
as the 'poor devil' who, to escape as-  
sessment on perhaps only a few hundred  
dollars, may swear falsely, and is there-  
fore adjudged guilty of perjury. There  
is no other way of treating such culpability."

Assessor—"Now, answer me a ques-  
tion. What is the difference between a  
'low' valuation and a 'high' rate per  
cent. and a 'high' valuation with a  
low rate per cent.? Don't it amount to  
just the same thing? I ask you this  
since you seem to take pleasure in mak-  
ing criminals of us assessors."

"I expected just such a question, and  
will answer it in Scotch style, by asking  
you another. If the unimproved property  
owned and held by you for years for the  
purpose of speculation and assessed as  
farm property at \$100 to \$150 per acre,  
had been assessed full value—say \$25  
per front foot with a rate per cent.  
of one-quarter what it is to-day—how  
long would you have been able to hold  
that property?"

Assessor—"Not over a year or two,  
for the taxes would have eaten it up."  
"Then, you would have sold it at a  
lower price than \$40 or \$50 per front foot,  
as now asked for it?"

Assessor—"I suppose I would have  
been glad to get my money back, and  
put it into something else beside land  
as a paying investment."

"Just so. Then with a low valuation  
and a high rate per cent. you yourself  
were enabled to hold and 'corner' land—  
that foundation of the 'home'—when by  
a full valuation and a low rate per cent.  
you would have been compelled,—aye,  
glad to sell at reasonable prices hun-  
dreds of plots of ground making as many  
homes. In other words, a wrong sys-  
tem of assessment permits gambling in  
one of the greatest necessities of life,  
adding thereby to the throes of human-  
ity and robbing men, women, and chil-  
dren of their God-given rights. That,  
then, is the difference. Thus, in the in-  
vestigation of tax abuses, do we touch  
the heart of the land question, as to  
which many swear, and tell us that a  
man has a right to own as much as he  
is able to pay for, and it is nobody's busi-  
ness."

Assessor—"Yes."

"The first thing thereafter is to  
ascertain particularly your duty, as the

law directs. Now, what is the law re-  
specting valuations to be assessed?"

Assessor—"I don't know, and I don't  
care; I told you so once before. What-  
ever the law is, unimproved property  
should not be taxed."

"Very well then, let me repeat the  
law for your benefit: 'All real and  
personal estate, whether owned by in-  
dividuals or corporations, shall be liable  
to taxation, and shall be assessed on the  
actual value thereof.' Now you assess-  
ed a house and lot on the corner of  
——streets. Do you remember the  
value assessed upon?"

Assessor—"I do not; it was probably  
not over \$1,500 or \$1,800."

"It was just \$1,600, and I have in my  
pocket a letter from the owner offering  
it for \$8,500 as the lowest price."

Assessor—"Oh, well, they can't get  
that for it; and if it was sold under the  
hammer it would not fetch what it is  
assessed for."

"No? I happen to be acquainted with  
a party who would gladly have paid  
from \$4,000 to \$5,000 for it, and consider-  
ing it dog cheap. You say 'if it were sold  
under the hammer.' Is that the method  
you have of arriving at tax valuations?  
If so, let us follow up the theory of your  
method to a logical conclusion. Sup-  
pose all the real estate in the township  
were put up at one time for sale under  
the hammer, do you think it would bring  
even what you yourself have assessed it  
for? Answer me advisedly."

Assessor—"Well, I don't suppose it  
would; but that is an unreasonable way  
of looking at it."

"No more so than that a property held  
at \$8,500, with buyers at \$5,000, should  
yet be assessed by you for only \$1,600  
on the theory that 'under the hammer' it  
might not bring more. Under the ham-  
mer is an abnormal condition of affairs,  
which no business man takes into calcu-  
lation, especially where there is a  
healthy market. Again, there have been  
great many real estate transactions  
since you have been Assessor; has any  
property in any case sold as low as your  
assessed valuation?"

Assessor—"Not that I know of."

"Has not the bulk of property sold  
brought from two to six times the  
assessed valuation?"

Assessor—"Possibly."

"Well, then, it looks to me very much  
like perjury, from your own admis-  
sions."

Assessor—"Why, if we should assess  
full valuations, the whole community  
would be on top of us. The Commis-  
sioners of Appeals would lower valuations  
by the wholesale, and the Town Com-  
mittee would go over the books with  
telling what they would do. Let me tell  
you how these six or seven men, who  
think they know more than the Assessor,  
looked it last year. They felt that with  
value placed upon property

high to look good; so they would run  
down a page adding \$50 to each valua-  
tion (without any knowledge of the  
property), then skip a page, and so on,  
and so on. What do you think of  
that?"

"I think it is quite time for the law to  
be enforced, and if you Assessors do not  
assess an actual valuation for fear of  
losing your office, it is high time that  
the State place you in the same position  
as the 'poor devil' who, to escape as-  
sessment on perhaps only a few hundred  
dollars, may swear falsely, and is there-  
fore adjudged guilty of perjury. There  
is no other way of treating such culpability."

Assessor—"Now, answer me a ques-  
tion. What is the difference between a  
'low' valuation and a 'high' rate per  
cent. and a 'high' valuation with a  
low rate per cent.? Don't it amount to  
just the same thing? I ask you this  
since you seem to take pleasure in mak-  
ing criminals of us assessors."

"I expected just such a question, and  
will answer it in Scotch style, by asking  
you another. If the unimproved property  
owned and held by you for years for the  
purpose of speculation and assessed as  
farm property at \$100 to \$150 per acre,  
had been assessed full value—say \$25  
per front foot with a rate per cent.  
of one-quarter what it is to-day—how  
long would you have been able to hold  
that property?"

Assessor—"Not over a year or two,  
for the taxes would have eaten it up."

"Then, you would have sold it at a  
lower price than \$40 or \$50 per front foot,  
as now asked for it?"

Assessor—"I suppose I would have  
been glad to get my money back, and  
put it into something else beside land  
as a paying investment."

"Just so. Then with a low valuation  
and a high rate per cent. you yourself  
were enabled to hold and 'corner' land—  
that foundation of the 'home'—when by  
a full valuation and a low rate per cent.  
you would have been compelled,—aye,  
glad to sell at reasonable prices hun-  
dreds of plots of ground making as many  
homes. In other words, a wrong sys-  
tem of assessment permits gambling in  
one of the greatest necessities of life,  
adding thereby to the throes of human-  
ity and robbing men, women, and chil-  
dren of their God-given rights. That,  
then, is the difference. Thus, in the in-  
vestigation of tax abuses, do we touch  
the heart of the land question, as to  
which many swear, and tell us that a  
man has a right to own as much as he  
is able to pay for, and it is nobody's busi-  
ness."

Assessor—"Yes."

"The first thing thereafter is to  
ascertain particularly your duty, as the

business, and so with the question of  
land tenure."

The present system of taxation makes  
it possible for moneyed men to hold  
land, or "corner" land against well-  
deserving people who should own their  
own homes. I need not tell you how  
happy it makes one, how it dignifies;  
what new aspirations it puts within a  
man to own his home, to care for it,  
and to be able to say, "It is my  
home." The children know it and love  
it as "home," and when they grow up  
and go out into the world, their "little  
ones" speak of Grandma's and Grand-  
pa's "place." Oh, yes; what a pleasure  
it is to put a little ornament here and  
there; to place upon the mantel some  
trivial nick-nack; something to please  
the eye and make it look more like home  
—our home, "sweet home."

With all the influence for good; with  
all of Christian growth there might be  
in such a condition, there yet stands out  
prominently, abetted by even honest,  
sincere and Christian people, as well as  
by designing and grasping speculators,  
a system of taxation, that beside being  
unlawful is highly conducive to poverty,  
penury, crime, immorality, drunkenness,  
and, indeed, everything that debases  
mankind and shames a community.

What is going to be done about it in  
Bloomfield township?  
J. W. A.  
Bloomfield, May 4.

## More and More Saloons.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:  
SIR: It may not be generally known,  
but it is notwithstanding a fact that  
there is a constant increase in the num-  
ber of saloons in Bloomfield. At the  
last term of the court nineteen licenses  
were granted, several of which were  
new.

The most conspicuous of the new  
saloons recently opened in Bloomfield  
are the two saloons stationed respect-  
ively opposite the Glenwood Park and  
opposite the organ factory on Orange  
Street. It will be seen at once that the  
sites are well chosen by liquor-sellers  
for their business, and that nothing but  
the most disastrous results will be pro-  
duced if these places are permitted by  
the people of the town to remain. On  
the one hand, there will be the means at  
hand to sink the frequenters of the  
Glenwood Park into the lowest debauch-  
ery, while on the other hand there will  
be the means at hand to create dissipa-  
tion among the employees of an im-  
portant industry and rob their homes of  
the wages they earn. For no other  
purpose whatever has a saloon been  
opened opposite a large factory, soon to  
be in full operation, and near to another  
already employing a large number of  
men, than that a good share of the  
earnings of the workmen may be drawn  
into the pockets of the man who does  
not work.

It is also commonly reported that the  
Glenwood Park is this year to be turned  
into a beer garden, and that on Decora-  
tion Day the summer debaucheries will  
open by a big picnic with plenty of  
liquor. It has also been stated that a  
new saloon is soon to be built on Bloom-  
field Avenue, near the Centre. And so  
the business increases and nothing is  
done to check or hinder its growth. In  
the meantime, the sale of drink on Sun-  
day is carried on as freely as though  
there were no law in New Jersey pro-  
hibiting it. A saloon keeper not long  
ago stated that his receipts on Sundays  
averaged over a hundred dollars, and he  
had to get extra help on certain hours  
on Sunday to attend to his customers.

These are some of the facts about the  
saloon business in Bloomfield. Are the  
citizens of this town satisfied with them?  
Is this what they want, more and more  
saloons? If so, then the most effect-  
ual way of bringing about what they  
want is to be silent, make no protest  
and leave the brewers and judges to  
continue the work of planting as many  
saloons as they like. It is simply a  
question whether the people of Bloom-  
field shall allow themselves to be over-  
run by saloons in accordance with the  
wishes and avarice of Newark brewers,  
or whether they shall rise as a free  
people and call a halt. Which?

WATCHMAN.  
Bloomfield, May 7.

ORANGE SEWERAGE.

A Contract Between the City and C. P.  
Bassett.

The Orange Common Council on Mon-  
day night approved the contract pre-  
pared by Messrs Lighthipe & Stevens,  
the city's counsel on the sewerage mat-  
ter, between the city and Carroll P.  
Bassett, the engineer. The contract  
stipulated that Mr. Bassett was em-  
ployed to superintend all sewerage con-  
tracts to be made within a year, his  
compensation to be 7 1/2 per cent. on the  
entire work. If its cost amounts to  
\$400,000, the commission beyond that  
will be 7 per cent. He is to furnish and  
revise all plans, equip an office in  
Orange, and keep an assistant and all  
the books there; to furnish all data re-  
quired by city officials, to provide com-  
petent engineering assistants to superin-  
tend the work, and competent and  
experienced inspectors on the construc-  
tion of the work, to superintend all parts  
of the work, and to write a final history  
of the entire work.

The Council then instructed the sewer-  
age Committee to lay before them the  
plans and specifications of the sewerage  
system at its next meeting. A supple-  
ment to the sewerage ordinance was

introduced, in which fifty-four new  
streets, or new portions of streets, were  
added to the list of streets which are to  
have sewers.

General Butler's recent experience in  
Judge Carpenter's court in Boston brings  
out this narrative in one of the papers  
of that city: It was while the late  
Judge Colt was presiding in the Supreme  
Court at Salem, during the trial of a  
noted case in which General Butler was  
counsel, that the General insisted upon  
his right to introduce certain evidence  
which had been repeatedly excluded by  
the Court. Butler nevertheless renewed  
his attempt until the Court peremptorily  
ordered him to desist. Judge Lord, then  
of the Superior Court and a resident of  
Salem, was within the bar, and as he  
passed Butler said: "Butler, if I were  
on this bench, and you persisted in try-  
ing to introduce evidence after I had ex-  
cluded it, I would commit you." Quick  
as a flash came the reply: "Judge, if  
you were on the bench, I shouldn't try it."

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